

ing a Pagan community by his life, he is also teaching his religion which is the quickening, guiding, sustaining power of his life.

But it is true that nowhere in the world is it of as great importance that there be a good life, converted to God, and loving to men, as in the Mission work in a heathen land. The first thing the heathen sees of the Missionary's strange religion, is the missionary himself. The Missionary is the first lesson, before the teaching of any truth. His life in its integrity and purity, its sympathy and helpfulness, his home, his affection for his wife and children, his compassion for the poor and afflicted, is the introduction to the truth as it is in Jesus. It is through his life that his Pagan neighbors see his religion, and are won to find the secret of his life and of his joy. At home and abroad, religion and a good life are inseparable; religion being the power and motive of such a good life, and that life the pure witness without of the religion that is in the heart within.

J. P. S.

PICKED UP BY THE WAY.

An editor "on the wing" can hardly help but pick up things here and there. They may be of little worth, mere trash, but they interest him all the same.

For instance, it was impossible not to smile, just a little, a few weeks ago, at the large part taken by unmarried ladies and by husbands and fathers in the "Mothers' Congress," held in one of our cities. It reminded us of a dear old sister in one of our neighboring Methodist churches, who never failed to respond to every proposition made from the pulpit, whether it was to fathers, sons, believers or non-believers. In her innocent heart she thought she must rise to every occasion. She had an abounding confidence, too, in all the evangelists.

The village church door stood invitingly open. We dropped into the rear seat, just as the service began. The house was practically full. Only three or four people came in later. The people all stood in prayer, not one excepted, and the prayer was of the usual Presbyterian length. The silver-haired preacher led everybody to the throne. It was a prayer full of tenderness and sweetness. The sermon, on "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain," was earnest, spiritual, having throughout the flavor of the study and the odor of the incense of prayer. The whole service was a rich spiritual treat. Why do we not have more of them? We do not wonder that this minister has stood at one post as pastor thirty-seven years.

Yes, we are still encountering in Florida those kinsfolk of the many physically sick who resort to this sanitarium of America, the morbid in religious things. Happily, they are decreasing, under such wholesome influences as those of churches and ministers just now described. This time, for instance, we have not been visited by the brother who has an elaborate plan, wrought out in all its details, for a semi-state, semi-church effort to make the farmers produce twice as much as they now

raise and have the government buy up the surplus and store it, Joseph-like, against possible years of famine!

Neither have we been called upon again in state, and a fine carriage, by a lady who greatly desires us to enjoy with her a baptism by the Holy Ghost with literal fire, such as she experienced. Her case was singular. She had long sought such a literal baptism. She had it at last, she says, when once emptying a bucket in a bath room. As she was leaning over, something struck her head, and she saw and felt the actual fire run down from her head to her feet. We think she simply "bumped" her head against something and "saw stars." And yet just so unwarranted a ground as that is made the starting point of many of these vagarists.

The chautauquas are, most of them, rapidly degenerating into mere cheap shows, or, at best, entertainment gatherings. This is, happily, not true of Mont-eagle, under the able and elevated platform management of our ex-moderator, Dr. Allen G. Hall, nor of the Florida Chautauqua, at DeFuniak Springs, under the superintendency of Mr. Kenneth Bruce. At the latter, which recently celebrated its twentieth year, the rebuilt auditorium, splendidly improved, lighted and heated, and providing seats for thirty-six hundred people, is a reponse to the regular growth of the institution. The Bible is kept to the front, and the devotional and spiritual features of the Chautauqua are much emphasized and faithfully provided for.

A FLORIDA ENTERPRISE.

Palmer Academy-College, Florida's* only Southern Presbyterian institution, has shown signs of a vigorous life. It came into being at a critical time for such enterprises, but has grown apace. Notwithstanding the hard times its attendance this year surpassed that of the year before. The able presidency of Dr. Walden is telling, and his many competent assistants in the work have made a name for the college through West Florida, and its fame and work are becoming more and more known in the adjacent States. Mr. Carnegie does not like denominational institutions. If he did he could find none worthier of his help than this one. But there are others. Mr. Carnegie is not the only man in the world. And some have better ideas and bigger hearts than he. They might well look toward Palmer College!

"THE LAST SACRAMENT."

A singular case occurred in our experience the other day, showing the power of environment. It was that of a weeping mother, yearning to do something for her son, a Christian, in his dying moments, pleading piteously that the "last sacrament" be administered to him, not extreme unction, but just the ordinary communion. But that mother's heart was in the right place. She loved her boy, as only a mother can love. She needed guidance. When this was given she yielded with as much faith as before she pleaded for what she had been led to think was best for the soul passing into eternity. Her faith grasped the teaching. Henceforth she will be a witness in a community where much error has prevailed and great superstition has abounded.